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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

HOME HAPPINESS.

Like a thing in the desert, alone in its gloom,
I make a small house seem an empire to me;
Like a bird in the forest, whose world is its nest,
My house is my all, and the centre of rest.
Let ambition stretch over the world at a stride,
Let the restless go rolling away with the tide;
I look on life's pleasures as follies at best,
And, like sunset, feel calm when I'm going to rest.

I sit by the fire in the dark winter's night,
While the cat cleans her face with her foot in delight,
And the winds all a cold, with rude clatter and din,
Shake the windows like robbers who want to get in;
Or else, from the cold to be hid and away,
By the bright burning fire see my children at play,
Making houses of cards, or on a coach of a chair,
While I sit enjoying their happiness there!

I walk round the orchard on sweet summer eves,
And rub the perfume from the black-current leaves,
Which, like the geranium, when touched, leaves a
smell.

That lad's love and sweet-brier can hardly excel,
I watch the plants grow, all beggimed with the
showers.

That glitter like pearls in a sunshiny hour;
And hear the pot robin just whistle a tune,
To cheer the lone heifer when labor is done.

Joys come like the grass in the field, springing there,
Without the mere toil of attention or care;
They come of themselves, like a star in the sky,
And the brighter they shine when the cloud passes by,
I wish for but little, and find it all there,
Where peace gives its faith to the home of the hare;
Who would also, overcome by her tears, run away
From the shade of the flowers and the breeze of the day.

Oh, the out-door blessings of leisure for me!
Health, riches, and joy—it includes them all three.
There peace comes to me—I have faith in her smile,
She's my playmate in leisure, my comfort in toil;
There the short pasture-grass hides the lark in its nest,
Though scarcely so high as the grass-hopper's breast;
And there its moss-ball hides the wild honey bee,
And there joy in plenty grows—riches for me!

Far away from the world, its delusions and snares—
Whose words are but breath, and its breathing but
cares.

Where trouble's sown thick as the dews of the morn,
One can scarce set a foot without meeting a thorn.
There are some view the world as a lightly-thrown
ball.

There are some look on cities like stones in a wall—
Nothing more. There are others, Ambition's proud
leaves.

Of whom I have neither the courage nor cares.

So I sit on my bench, or enjoy in the shade,
My toil as a pastime, while using the spade;
My fancy is free in her pleasure to stray,
Mistaking voyages round the whole world in a day.
I gather home-comforts where cares never grow,
Like manna, the heavens rain down with the dew,
Till I see the tired hedges bend wearily by,
Then like a tired bird to my corner I fly.

POLITICAL.

NEW ENGLAND.

Some remarks upon the population, character, political position and influence, and what appears to us to be the true political policy of New England, will not be considered out of place in a journal which derives its name from this portion of the Union. In regard to population, the six states composing New England are not equal to the single state of New York. The population of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, in 1840, was, according to the United States Census, about two millions and a quarter, (2,234,822); while that of the state of New York was nearly two millions and a half, (2,423,821). New England is entitled to thirty-two representatives in Congress, and twelve senators; while New York has thirty-four representatives and two senators. So in the popular branch of general government New York can outvote her. It appears from these simple facts that New England cannot rely on her numerical strength to carry forward any measure, in Congress, merely affecting her own particular interest, when the promotion of that interest would conflict with the interests of the other sections of the Union. And besides, upon questions of the greatest importance, affecting not only her interests but the interest of the whole Union, she has not often presented an unbroken front, but been divided against herself, and thus has lost much of the political power which she might otherwise have enjoyed.

But weak as we must admit New England is, in the point of view we have taken, still she exercises, and will continue to exert, an influence in the councils of the nation, far greater, in proportion to her population, than any other section of the Union of the same magnitude. With a territory more limited, she has a population more dense, than either of the other divisions of the United States. And hence she sends out her young men and her young women to the sunny South and teeming West, who carry with them the peculiar characteristics of New Englanders,—industry, intelligence, and enterprise,—and thus does the spirit of New England spread itself throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. For moral and intellectual influence and power, no other states of the same number,

in the Union, can take precedence, if indeed they can compare. Nowhere is education more generally disseminated, or philanthropic and religious institutions more liberally or devotedly sustained. The portion of the population in New England that can neither read nor write is less than in any other equal number of states. School houses and churches spangle her mountain tops and stud her plains and valleys. Her common schools are her common glory. In the war of "the Revolution" she was the first to resist British aggression, and among the truest and ablest in establishing the independence of the states.—She has spoken with burning eloquence in the forum, and daring bravery on the field. Her Bunker's Hill, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bennington, have spoken, and will continue to speak, for the liberties of the people and the rights of man.

But it was not our purpose to eulogize New England. She is not without her faults. The lustre of her fame has been dimmed by many acts which we would gladly snatch from her history. Vermont was tardy in sending her hardy sons to defend the honor of the country and her own soil from the attacks of the enemy, at a critical period during the last war. Massachusetts declared by her senate, at the same time, that it was unbecoming a moral and religious people to rejoice at the triumph of our arms over the British invaders. Connecticut was disgraced by the assembling of the "Hartford Convention" on her soil: while Rhode Island, more recently, by opposing the rights of the people, has covered herself with infamy.

The past, present, and future position and policy of New England are subjects of no ordinary interest to the American statesman. State after state has joined the "Old Thirteen." Twenty-six stars, representing as many states, now grace the national flag; and the cry is, still they come! Since the formation of the Union, a little more than half a century, the original number of states comprising it has been doubled. In another half a century, how many more from the "far West" will have been added? The future influence of New England in the court of the Union cannot rest upon her numerical force. We have seen that even now, comparatively, her numbers are small and her territory straitened. In a half century more, when the Union stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, she will be but a speck on the map.

It is, therefore, apparent that New England cannot secure to herself, if she would, exclusive privileges, or undue protection to her particular interests, through the influence of numbers in Congress; being now comparatively weak, and destined, hereafter, to be still weaker. Nothing short of the log-rolling system, so dangerous and corrupting, would give her the least chance of accomplishing her purpose; and a measure carried by such means through one Congress, might be repealed by another; and instability in the laws regulating trade and commerce would lead to insecurity, in the transaction of business and the investment of capital, and throw the whole country into the most disastrous confusion. Apply these remarks to the subjects of a Protective Tariff—United States Bank, and the Assumption of State Debts—all of which, we believe, are in violation of the letter and spirit of the constitution, and opposed to the interests and rights of the people.

There is, then, but one policy left for New England to pursue, namely—*Honest Policy*.—She can only have influence, and perpetuate that influence, by planting herself upon the broad and eternal principle of *honesty, of equal and exact justice*; asking of the General Government nothing that is not clearly right, however much her pecuniary interest might be promoted by pursuing a different course; and submitting to nothing that is plainly wrong, through fear of losing a few dollars and cents. No law can be permanent, whether state or national, that does not alike benefit all classes. The agricultural interest is the great interest of the country. Upon this, the produce of the soil—depend trade, manufactures, commerce; freedom to all—equality to all—will lead to the prosperity of all. Standing erect upon this foundation, the influence of New England will at once be increased, and will continue to be felt as long as the Union shall endure. And who shall limit its duration, when all the parts act in accordance with the glorious principle, of the greatest good not only of the greatest number, but *the greatest good*? Under almost any settled national policy, New England will continue to prosper; but most of all will she flourish under that liberal system of free trade and commerce which is now attracting the attention of the most enlightened nations of the Old World. Whatever she has gained of permanent honor—whatever will appear brightest on the page of history, has been gained in defence of the rights of man and the liberty of the country. In the Revolution of '76, New England occupied a noble position. In the "second war for Independence," she fell from her "high estate," and tarnished her fair fame, by opposing the general Government in that just war for "free trade and sailors' rights;" and wherever and whenever she has advocated and sustained the doctrines of Hamiltonian Federalism, in opposition to the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy, then and there has she been in opposition to her own best interest and the true glory of the Union.

It is time for New England, and particularly Massachusetts, to redeem herself from the charge of a factious, or selfish opposition to the general government—when it has been in "democratic hands and administered on democratic principles." To the credit of Maine, it should be said that she has generally been on the right side. And New Hampshire, noble and true New Hampshire! has seldom, if ever, been false to Jeffersonian principles.

while she has often stood "alone in her glory," in support of democratic men, and democratic measures. Would that we could say as much of Vermont: a state which by her position, the character, pursuits, and habits of her population, ought to be democratic. But she has been deceived, grossly deceived, by selfish men and ambitious politicians. Fascinated by the deceitful cry of *protection*, like a lamb, she has been decoyed into the clutches of the wolf which has well-nigh devoured her. But light is breaking in upon the Green Mountains; already the beams of democratic Truth gild her verdant hills, and penetrate her luxuriant valleys. The time is not far distant when Vermont will repudiate whig doctrines, and, with each of the other New England states be found firmly established upon democratic principles.—N. E. Democrat.

IRELAND.

"Erin! The tear and the smile in thine eyes."

What American can contemplate the present condition of Ireland without emotion? Who, in enumerating the various nations of Europe, from the icy region of Lapland to Spain and Italy, with their blooming fields and sunny skies, ever reckons in their number the "Emerald Isle"? Is it because nature has been ungenerous to her soil and climate, that thousands of her inhabitants are famishing for bread? Or in sea coast and harbor that her sails do not gem every ocean, and enter every port? Or are her inhabitants less energetic and active, less gifted in intellect, than most of her neighbors? When Burke and Berkeley are forgotten, when the last echo of the thunderclap of O'Connell shall have died along the shore of the sweet isle of the ocean, then may Ireland be accused of want of intellect. The English philanthropist can view with telescopic eye, the slave writhing beneath the lash of the West India taskmaster, and his generous bosom heaved with indignation at the wrongs of suffering humanity, and the opposite direction he can look even farther, and embrace in his view the Bramin, but Ireland lies a little to near for his glass—a little too far for his naked eye. Blood enough had been spilt; treasure enough has been wasted in Ireland, since it came into possession of the English, to dye all their garments in blood, turn every heath and moss into a garden, erect a spacious dome on the site of every turf hut—and give the millions that now roam her streets, without shelter from the storm, or a morsel of food to meet the imperative demands of nature, all the comforts of life.

The English politician may view Ireland only as a source of gain or loss to his government; but we, Americans, in whose land a Montgomery fought and died, in whose veins runs the blood of the persecuted, exiled Irishman, we cannot view her, blasted as she is by the avarice and bigotry of the English, without feeling the glow of indignation mantle our cheek. It is not that the Irish are naturally indolent, that their condition is thus wretched. And for proof of this we have only to look at the railroads and canals that checker our country, wrought by Irishmen, who are driven from their native land by cruel poverty.—Compelled to pay rent for that which is his own by right, taxed for the support of government which does nothing but heap wrong upon him, titled for the support of a minister, he will not hear preach, he is kept like the drowning man who inhales the fresh draught, but to struggle, and sink and rise and sink again.

The Irish possess an elasticity of spirit which is equalled perhaps by no nation on the globe. They indulge in the witty joke, and the witty repartee, when the cheek is pallid for food, and the tear of anguish fills the eye. Ireland, possessing every facility for becoming one of the first nations of Europe, in agriculture, commerce and manufactures, stands a victim of the ignorance and caprice of the English government. But the change must take place. The bigotry and superstition, which for 600 years have contributed in no small degree to the subjugation of Ireland, are fast passing away. The civilized nations of the world are beginning to take a more enlightened view of the relations which they sustain to their fellow men. Their religion, which has been the cause of so much cruelty and bloodshed, is assuming a milder form and a more liberal spirit, is becoming diffused through all the ramifications of their government.

When the English shall possess religion without bigotry, when their politicians shall legislate without parsimony, then shall Ireland "Strike the bold anthem" of the free, and the harp that now hangs mute on Tara's walls,

"The soul of music shed."

[New England Operative.

Something Wonderful.—Mrs. Richardson of this city, received a paralytic shock a fortnight since. Her left arm and leg—indeed the whole of her left side, was so completely paralyzed as to be devoid of all sensation. In this condition she was carried to the office of J. B. Dods, at the corner of Court and Sudbury streets. He applied his electro-magnetic apparatus to the palsied side and in three minutes she was restored, so that she walked home, a distance of one and a half mile. He restored also the father of Dr. G. C. Hayden, in nine sittings, of ten minutes each. The old gentleman was 72 years of age. These things were truly wonderful. [Boston Trumpet.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying as the placid joys of home!

See the traveller—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, & his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt know also that the tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle and not sin." O, the joyful reunion of a devoted family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science—He droops the laborious and painful research—closes his volume—smooths his wrinkled brow—leaves his study; and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

Take the man of trade—what reconciles him to the toil of business? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement?—By & by the season of intercourse will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the laborer—he has borne the burden and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him of his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head a rest in his garden—enters again and retires to rest and "the rest of a laboring man is sweet whether he eat little or much." Inhabitant of this lowly dwelling! who can be indifferent to my comfort? Peace be at this house!

[Rev. W. Jay.

CAPITAL TRIAL.—In the Supreme Judicial Court, held at Worcester last week, Thomas Barrett, an Irishman, was tried for murder of Mrs. Ruth Houghton in February last. The jury were out two hours and a half when they returned with a verdict of *guilty*. The Chief Justice then passed sentence of death upon him. It will be recollected that this murder was effected in Lunenburg, on a widow lady 70 years of age. The evidence against Barrett was of a circumstantial character. The strongest circumstance against him was his *gloves*, which were found at Mrs. Houghton's house.—[Mass. Ploughman.

A Lively Place.—They have a little town 'Out West,' (says the Picayune) which appears to have been overlooked by Dickens and other English travellers of his class, and which is 'all sorts' of a stirring place. In one day they recently had two street fights, hung a man, rode three men out of town on a rail, got up a quarter race, a turkey shooting, a gander pulling, a match dog fight, had preaching by the clergyman, who afterwards ran a foot-race, for drinks 'all round'; and as if this was not enough, the judge of the court, after losing a year's salary at single handed poker, and whipping a person who said he didn't understand the game, went out and helped to Lynch a man for hog stealing.

A clergyman was one day catechising a class of children belonging to his congregation, and coming to a little boy who was something of a rogue, he asked him what he knew.

"I know something," replied the urchin, with a significant look.

"Well, my son, what do you know?" asked the pastor.

"I know where there is a bird's nest," said the boy, "but I shan't tell you for fear you will steal the eggs," answered the unsophisticated juvenile.

Death from the bite of a spider.—The Centerville (Md) Times states that Mr. Gustavus M. G. Wright, formerly of Queen Anne's county, died on Wednesday evening last, very suddenly, in Kent county, from a bite or sting of a spider. M. Wright was bitten in the arm a few days ago. The wound soon after inflamed very much, and then began to mortify. Amputation was urged by the physician, but Mr. Wright refused to have it done, and the mortification extended to his existence.

What is Bravery?—Some men, it is admitted, are courageous, and some are not, but—as a lady writer observes in a recent publication—We should like to see that man who would deliberately allow a woman to catch him making mouths at her baby.

Law.—A wealthy farmer in this State of New York, having been sued by Mr. Havens, wrote the following classical epistle to his attorney, "Esq."—Sur if this state of Heaven's goes again me I want you to kerry it up to the higher courts for God knows I don't owe him one cent.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN '44.

BY MR. WINANS.

O, the world 'aunt now as it used to was;
The past is like a dream;
Every thing is on the railroad plan;
Tho' they don't all go be steam.

Expresses now are all the rage,
By steamboat and balloon;
In a year or two we'll get the news
Directly from the moon.

The Electric Telegraphs are now
Both time and distance mocking;
But then the news which they convey
Is really very shocking.

Now when you wish to read a book,
Try the Mnemotechnic plan;
You've only to look at the title page,
And the whole you'll understand.

A pint of water, a little chalk,
Together mixed make cream;
The hens have only to lay their eggs;
And the chickens are hatch'd by steam.

Now when you wish to kiss a miss,
And not at all surprise her;
The way to do it is easy enough—
You first must magnetize her.

But there is a Swedish doctor now
Has a method still more clever;
He reduces the gals to a torpid state;
And 'tis said they'll live forever.

Short hand is now quite out of use,
For when the minister preaches,
Or politicians rise to speak,
They daguerrotype their speeches.

Now Socialism is all the go,
As every one agrees;
And where the doctrine is carried out,
They're as social as you please.

They've proved that laughter's a *highly* thing
In every lad and lass;
For if you would laugh in spite of yourself,
Just swallow the laughing gas.

Consistency is well enough
In every little matter;
But the 'totalers' with a drop of gin
Sometimes dilute their water.

Crime is not now what it once was
In England, France or Spain;
If a man, for instance, just cuts your throat;
O, he's only a little insane.

If demagogues too deep in debt
Should chance to sink the nation;
Why the proper way to cancel it
Is by Repudiation.

FLIRTING.

Some writer truly says—"It is too frequently the practice of young ladies, by way of teasing their lovers, in fun, to neglect them while in company; and to laugh and flirt with other men. How many have parted, from circumstances like this! Many who were attached to each other, who could, and in all probability would; have made each other happy; and for the gratification of an idle and reprehensible whim, many a female has lost her position in the heart of him she really loved. Does she think that a man, having once suffered from her run, could ever place dependence on her afterwards? Did ever any woman find a man who loved her enough to be jealous, repose the same confidence in her which he had previous to her attempts to create doubts in him? Let woman understand that if it be worth while to have a man's affections, there is no full on earth worth while to shake his entire faith in her."

THE IMPORTANCE OF LABOR.

The wealth of the world, its high civilization, and all its magnificent improvements, have been created and fashioned by the labor and industry of man; the poorest soil and most unfavorable climate are scarce impediments to an industrious and energetic people. Look at Holland reclaimed from the ocean, fenced in by her embankments and mud walls, literally a smiling garden, where once there was nothing but bogs and ocean waves. Look at Switzerland, where an industrious & hardy peasantry, contending against the avalanches of snow and ice, and the embolism of mountain masses of rock falling and crushing for miles square every thing before them, having cut the hills and mountains in terraces and planted them with vines. Lands, which were before worse than nothing, by this improvement self for ten thousand francs per acre.

Indelible Ink from the Sumach.—The milk which exudes from a branch of the Sumach, is the best indelible ink which can be used. Break off one of the stems that support the leaves, and write what may be wanted with it. In a short time it becomes a beautiful jet black, and can never be washed out.

Appealing.—We find the following in a Mobil paper without credit. It is the most shameful piece of barefaced impudence that we ever beheld. It is to be hoped that the author may be discovered and that the public indignation may vent itself by means of brick bats!

Why is a Bustle like a Romance? Do you give it up? 'Tis a tael and fiction founded on a stern reality!

Lockman the Ethiopian, was once asked from whom he had received the first lesson of wisdom. "From the blind," replied he, "who never take a step, until they have first felt the ground before them."

Oct. 15, 1911. B. W. GAM, } Com't of Arrangements.
F. C. BUCK, }